

BRITISH BEFORE LENS—GERMAN ATTACK FAILS

The Daily Mirror

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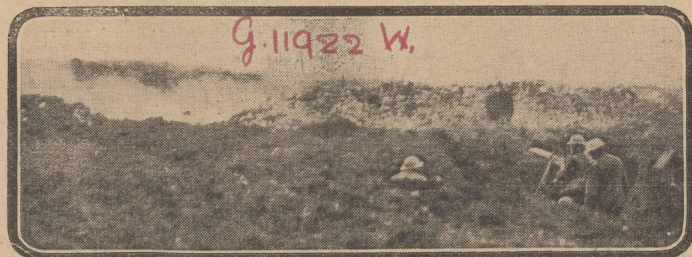
MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1917

One Penny.

VIMY RIDGE: CANADA'S HOUR OF GLORIOUS TRIUMPH AGAINST THE HINDENBURG HORDES



Collecting the wounded at a light railway on the battlefield of Vimy Ridge.—(Canadian War Records.)



Shell exploding in front of machine-gun emplacement on Vimy Ridge.—(Canadian War Records.)



German prisoners coming behind our lines through their barrage.—(Canadian War Records.)

The taking of Vimy Ridge will live in history as one of the most glorious episodes in the story of Canada and this war. The position was one of vital importance to the Germans, who earlier in the war sacrificed 60,000 men to hold the ridge against the assaults



Canadians searching the captured German trenches.—(Canadian War Records.)

of the French under the brilliant leadership of General Foch. The Canadians at the outset of our great offensive carried the position with irresistible dash, and have held it ever since, despite desperate German counter-attacks.

NEW SCHEME TO GET STATE WORKERS.

Combing Out Men in "Less Essential" Industries.

HOW TRADES WILL HELP.

A new scheme for supplementing Mr. Neville Chamberlain's general appeal for National Service volunteers is published this morning.

The special object is to obtain from the less essential industries a sufficient number of suitable substitutes to take the place of men released for military purposes from the more essential industries.

A striking feature of the scheme is that it places upon those concerned in the trade itself the responsibility of finding the men required with the least possible injury to the trade or hardship to the men.

Committees of employers and employed in the various trades affected are being formed for the purpose of arranging what men shall be released.

The men to be transferred will not be required to enrol as National Service volunteers. They will be invited to fill specific vacancies in work of national importance, but they will receive the same substantial allowances and other benefits as are given in similar circumstances, to National Service volunteers.

In order to meet fully the pressing need of the Army for 500,000 men between now and July a large number of munition workers are to be set free for general military service.

The process of release will begin on May 1, and the men to be released will be called up in age groups, beginning with the younger men.

HIGHER HARDSHIP TEST.

In new instructions to tribunals, Lord Rhonda, President of the Local Government Board, points out that under the new Act any attested man to whom it applies may make an application not only on the grounds open generally to attested men, but also on the ground of ill-health or infirmity or of conscientious objection.

Tribunals, says the circular, should bear fully in mind that the need of the Army for all men of military age is pressing; in particular that, for men in medical categories A or B under thirty-one years of age, exemption on grounds of employment is not justified, if the men are outside the exemptions mentioned in M.114.

As regards claims on the ground of hardship, the standards which must now be adopted are necessarily much stricter than in the earlier days of the war.

TURKS' FAIRY TALE.

What Really Happened, as Related by General Maude.

The Turks, ignoring facts, as usual, are claiming wonderful successes against both the Russians and British.

In a communique issued during the week-end they claim to have repulsed a Russian attack on the Persian frontier, driving our Ally back over twelve miles, and to have dislodged the British from positions on the left bank of the Euphrates.

On the Diale the Turks also claim to have repulsed "an enemy cavalry division," and at another point "an enemy cavalry regiment covered by artillery and machine guns."

A large number of the enemy (the Turks add) were drowned.

General Sir Stanley Maude, in a communique published on Saturday, explained how he lured the Turks to battle on the bank of the Diale and how, as the result of a two-days fight, the foe lost 900 killed and wounded.

MR. BEN TILLET'S PLEDGE.

Mr. Ben Tillett, general secretary of the National Union of Dockers, in the course of a speech to a mass meeting of members of the organisation at Bristol yesterday, said there had been great lack of co-ordination and mutual assistance in port work.

His assistance had been asked, and he had pledged himself to make an effort in every port to get together the interests involved so that they might have some joint working arrangement instead of the present system under which goods were handled and mishandled, put on board ship and pulled out again.

WHY THE WOMEN HAD LESS.

Speaking yesterday at a mass meeting of railwaymen at Southport, Mr. Albert Bellamy, president of the Union of Railwaymen, said that some people thought they ought not to have settled the negotiations for an advance of wages until the women railway workers had got the same advance as the men.

But those people did not realise that many of the women were receiving separation allowances from the Government, or part-time wages from the railway companies in respect of husbands on service in addition to their own wages.

PUBLIC RATIONS.

Eat Less Bread and Frustrate the German Pirates.

U.S. POTATOES FOR THE ARMY.

The new Public Meals Order prescribing for hotels, restaurants, clubs and boarding-houses one meatless day a week, five potatoless days and a scale of rations, came into force yesterday.

It is imperative, it was pointed out to *The Daily Mirror* yesterday at the Food Controller's headquarters, that everybody in his own home, although under no compulsion, should voluntarily adopt the same restrictions.

"Economy in bread is absolutely imperative if we are not to be defeated by the German attempt to starve us by submarine warfare."

The Daily Mirror understands that Lord Devonport's new order banning rich cakes and pastries and restricting afternoon teas will be issued during the present week.

"What I want to see in Great Britain," said Mr. Kennedy Jones, the Director-General of Food Economy, at Hornsey on Saturday, "is forty million food controllers, and I want them, to start every Monday morning with this good resolve."

"I will eat a pound less of bread in the course of this week than I ate in normal times." "If we make this sacrifice," declared Mr. Kennedy Jones, "I firmly believe it will carry us over the bad times ahead without any strain upon our resources, and in view of the news from the front I believe that by September we shall have compelled the Kaiser to throw up the sponge."

Lieutenant-General Sir Francis Lloyd has placed bought food "out of bounds" to all soldiers in the London command when in camp, so that in future "Tommy" will have to depend exclusively on Army ration for nourishment, unless he obtains a special pass.

Acceptable Gift.—Mr. John W. Dennis, Potato Director in the Ministry of Food, has received a cabled message from New York informing him that Mr. Albert Newcombe and other American friends have arranged to form a league for the production this season on their estates of 100,000 bushels of potatoes for presentation to the British Army.

The War Office has gratefully accepted the offer.

GENERAL'S FIFTH WOUND.

V.C. with One Arm Who Led Four Battalions to Battle.

Brigadier-General A. Carton de Wiart, V.C., D.S.O., whose name appears in yesterday's casualty list, has been wounded for the fifth time in the present war.

In Somaliland at the beginning of the war, while serving with the Camel Corps, he lost an eye. It was in this campaign that he won the D.S.O. At Ypres he lost an arm.

Despite these disabilities, however, he led four battalions of men who had lost their officers in the "big push" of last year, and so prevented a retreat.

His dauntless bravery on this occasion gained him the V.C.

The general, who was twice wounded in the Boer War, is a first cousin of M. Carton de Wiart, Minister of Justice for Belgium, and is a Belgian by birth.

FOE CONSULATE FIRED.

Angry Brazilian Crowds Attack German Legation Buildings.

BUENOS AYRES, Sunday.—An excited mob is parading the streets demanding war with Germany.

The mob attacked the German Legation and Consulate and set fire to the buildings. The outbreaks were soon overcome.—Exchange.

The latest developments in the South American Republics may be summarised thus—

Brazil.—Ships crossing the danger zone to be armed.

Argentina.—Orders given for fourteen German vessels now in Argentine waters to be concentrated in the harbour of Buenos Ayres.

BEE-LINE FOR HOME.

How the Much-Vaunted Hindenburg Line Is Disappearing.

WOMEN'S PART IN THE WAR.

Speaking at Whitefield's yesterday on the subject of "Victory and Law," Mr. J. L. Garvin, referring to the great advance of the past week, said what was being done in France was nothing short of a miracle, performed by a new Army and evolved out of the chaos of less than three years ago.

The much-boasted Hindenburg line was rapidly disappearing; in fact, all that remained of it for Germany was the bee-line for home.

Referring to the proposals for the enfranchisement of women, Mr. Garvin said the war had



Von Falkenhayn, says a Rome wireless message, has been charged with the direction of operations on the line broken by the British. Several German commands on the western front have been changed, and six German divisions are being reconstituted.

convinced him that without the aid of women we could never have done what we had and without them we never could hope to win.

He could not understand the attitude of anyone who still wanted to deny to women the vote. A Brilliant Page.—Lord French inspired the East Yorks Volunteers at Hull yesterday and opened the St. John's V.A.D. hospital, and in his speech said: "When the history of this war comes to be written one of its most brilliant pages will be the account of what the women of the Empire have done."

Woman in the Pulpit.—Mrs. Bramwell Booth, wife of General Booth, at the City Temple yesterday, prefaced her address by saying: "We are not accustomed to preach sermons and to take texts in the Salvation Army."

STAYED TOO LONG.

Ship Drama—Soldier and Would-Be Rescuer Drowned.

An unknown soldier seeing some friends off at an Irish port overstayed the "All ashore" signal on board a mail steamship bound for an English port.

When the vessel was well under way he jumped overboard, doubtless with the intention of swimming ashore.

A member of the crew jumped after him. The steamer was quickly stopped, but neither could be seen, having been drowned.

POLICE CHARGE AT CORK.

Following a memorial Mass for those executed in connection with the Irish rebellion, a large party of Sinn Feiners at Cork yesterday came into collision with the police, who prohibited the holding of a meeting.

A policeman was thrown to the ground and beaten, and it was not until the police charged the crowd with batons that the Sinn Feiners were finally dispersed.

PACIFIST "DUCKED" IN A CANAL.

Peace Banners Seized and Platforms Stormed.

MAN FLUNG OVER FENCE.

There were lively scenes yesterday in Victoria Park, London, where a peace demonstration was to have been held.

Before the peace advocates reached the park a number of speakers, including several invalided soldiers, took possession of the two platforms and held war meetings with audiences of many thousands.

Resolutions were carried almost unanimously condemning the County Council for "allowing the Park to be used Sunday after Sunday for so-called peace meetings, which are nothing more than pro-German meetings," and also calling the attention of the Home Office to the matter.

When the peace party came along their procession was broken up and their banners seized, while the platforms were carried bodily out of the Park.

Their flags were torn to fragments and the instruments used by a band were battered. Opposing crowds waved the Union Jack and, crying "We will give you peace," "Who wants peace when we are winning," swept the demonstrators from the ground.

One man had his clothes torn off, another had his eye knocked out, while two others were lifted bodily and thrown over the railings.

One man tried to save a remnant of a flag. He was caught and roughly handled and told that he should be displaying such courage at the front.

During the melee one of the pacifist leaders was ducked in the canal.

Has Bulgaria Had Enough?—AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—A telegram from Sofia states that General Jekoff, the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief, is leaving to-morrow for Constantinople, accompanied by a numerous suite.—Reuter.

DRESSMAKERS' BOOM.

London Women Who Resent "Tyranny" of Court Modiste.

Dressmaking, which before the war was one of the most overstocked trades, cannot now, *The Daily Mirror* learns, supply orders for customers. The dressmakers have a waiting list as long as that for men in a crack regiment. "It is not," said a minor manufacturer, "that women now buy more clothes than formerly. It is that they resent the tyranny of the court dressmaker who refuses to alter even their own gowns and won't use customers' materials, even lace. Besides, customers have to dress according to the big dressmakers' taste."

LESS FOOD FOR THE FOE.

German Whine Over Effects of Britain's "Brutal Blockade."

Berlin authorities have issued new rations, says an Exchange message from the Reich. Beginning to-morrow the weekly allowance will be—

Bread	3 1/2 lb.	Potatoes	5 lb.
Meat	1 1/2 lb.	Eggs	3
Butter	1 lb.	Condensed milk	8 oz.
Margarine	1 oz.	Herring	1

BERNE, Sunday.—An inspired communique from Berlin to the *Frankfurt Gazette* says:—

"The hardest four months of the war are before us in regard to food. We have made many mistakes, but it must be remembered that England's brutal blockade is the main cause of our shortage.—Exchange."

NEWS ITEMS.

Cunard Company's £2,339,751 Profit.

The Cunard Company's profit for last year was £2,339,751.

Esperanto Inventor Dead.

According to a telegram from Warsaw, the death has occurred of Dr. Ludwig Zamenhof, the inventor of Esperanto.

Kaiser's Brother-in-Law Hit.

The German newspapers announce that Prince Schaumburg-Lippe, a brother-in-law of the Kaiser, has been wounded in the upper lip.

Restriction on Wood Sales.

In view of the increasing shortage of imported soft wood, the Army Council have made an order which will strictly limit the use of wood for purposes not of national importance.

U.S. War Budget Passed.

The seven billion dollar United States War Budget has passed the House of Representatives, and Mr. George Creel, husband of Blanche Bates, the actress, has been appointed chairman of the News Censorship Committee.

British Youths in France.

By the Bill passed by the Senate dealing with the sons of foreigners, says Reuter, those of British subjects born in France are obliged, three months after becoming eighteen, to claim the option of retaining their nationality, otherwise they will be incorporated in the French Army.



A few more German prisoners coming in on the western front.

BRITISH PUSH ON TO LENS: GREAT FOE ATTACK

**Enemy Onslaught Fails on Six Miles Front
Astride Bapaume-Cambrai Road.**

VERY HEAVY GERMAN LOSSES—200 PRISONERS

**Our Line Pushed Forward at Three Points—Enemy's
Defences Captured East of Lievin—Still Advancing.**

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, Sunday.

12.15 P.M.—Early this morning the enemy launched a strong attack on a front of over six miles astride the Bapaume-Cambrai road under cover of a heavy bombardment against our new positions from Hermies to Noreuil.

The attack was everywhere unsuccessful except at Lagnicourt, where, after heavy fighting the enemy gained a foothold.

Our counter-attack forthwith drove him back out of the village, and his troops, retiring under our artillery fire, suffered very heavy losses. Over 200 prisoners remained in our hands.

We advanced our line slightly during the night east of Heninel.

North of the Souchez River our progress has been continued.

We have captured the enemy's defences east of Lievin from Riauxmont Wood to the eastern corner of Cite St. Pierre, and our troops are pushing on in the direction of Lens.

Heavy rain has been falling since early this morning.

FOE LEAVING LENS IN FLAMES AND RUNS.

**Vain Efforts to Stem the
British Advance.**

OUR THREAT TO DOUAI.

Human Flood That Means Surrender or Defeat.

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Matin* says, according to information from a sure source, the evacuation of Lens and the neighbouring villages to the east has already been begun by the Germans.

A portion of the town is in flames, and it is amidst the smoking wreckage and ruins that the British will shortly make their entry there.

The *Rappel* says: The Germans are giving way and ceding ground under pressure. However premeditated may have been the retreat, however carefully it may have been prepared, it has not been voluntary, but imposed.

It has been imposed by the force of things, by the military power of Britain and France. There is nothing to be gained in trying to hide a great defeat.—Exchange.

PARIS, Sunday.—All the newspapers comment on the new British successes, and pay a tribute to the courage and heroism of the British troops. Lieutenant-Colonel Roussel, writing in the *Petit Parisien*, says:

"The enemy is striving in vain to dam the flood which is submerging him. He is obliged to yield to the pressure, the implacable vigour of which allows him no alternative but to surrender or flee."

Major Givieux writes in the *Matin*: Before the British forces the Germans are retiring hourly, abandoning guns and material in the disorder of a retreat, which is no longer voluntary, but imposed by sheer force, and hurried by the continued offensive of the victors.

The *Homme Enchainé* says:—The famous Hindenburg line, which was made up of a system of impregnable positions, is beginning to crumble away. Our British Allies are progressing on both sides of this line, and the "miserable line" which has made some progress decidedly since the day when so consistently the Kaiser displayed so much contempt for it.

REPEATING HISTORY.

In the *Figaro*, "Polybe" remarks: It is a victory of British material, of that artillery which one day one of the strongest in the world, of those guns which have been made with machines ordered in America, but it is also a victory of the men, of the admirable British infantry man, and a victory also of the brain, of the clear and vigorous intellect of Sir Douglas Haig.—Reuter.

The *Petit Parisien* says: The British advance is every day extended further. Lievin, Cite St. Pierre, the Faubourgs of Lens, and all the mining villages of the immediate neighbourhood have fallen into the hands of our Allies, while east of Vimy General Horne's troops have carried their lines five kilometres east of the village, occupied but the day before yesterday by the Bavarian Crown Prince's Army. The Germans, moreover, have lost Aieux on Gohelle, east of Farbus.

Our Allies are now full in the centre of the

mining district, and Lens itself is encircled and will probably fall to-morrow.

Thus the gallant soldiers of Sir Douglas Haig have repeated, at a distance of 260 years, the magnificent victory of Condé, who, in 1635, delivered the people of Lens from the foreign yoke.

The manoeuvre of the British General Staff, carried out with such admirable mastery, has clearly caused much anxiety to the Germans. The British have proved how entirely the enemy is lacking in the psychological sense.

"The British," he was saying a short while ago, "do not understand the war of movement." Hindenburg, Ludendorff and all the Hohenzollerns must now be convinced to the contrary.

The German Press cannot deny this defeat and tries simply to minimise its importance and gravity.

It is the *Dusseldorf General Anzeiger* remarks: "We must plainly recognize it. The English, thanks to formidable technical resources, have won a remarkable success, and carried off considerable booty in prisoners and guns."

Ludendorff says, more laconically: "North-east of Arras and on the Scarpe yesterday there was a pause in the fighting."

A pause on the day on which our Allies captured Lievin and the suburbs of Lens! Ludendorff carries it a little too far.—Central News.

BRITISH BOOTY.

The Expert Commentator says:—The news from the British front is better than could have been hoped for. Our Allies are advancing on the collieries in the region of Lens and the town of Lievin was retaken yesterday morning.

The British found there considerable booty in material.

In the sector of St. Quentin our Allies were no less successful, capturing the village of Fayet, about 1,500 metres north-west of St. Quentin, after a lively engagement.

The strongly fortified positions of Ascension Farm and Grande Kriet Farm, on the spur east of Verquieu, also fell into our hands.

Thus on the one hand the British troops are continuing their offensive in the coal region of Lens, which apparently must be liberated in a short space of time, while on the other hand their advance is extending south on to the plain of Douai, and the town of St. Quentin is becoming more and more closely pressed by the Allied forces, whose booty is increasing incessantly.

The Germans are becoming more and more embarrassed to explain the continued advance of the British troops, being reduced to denying the success of our Allies.—Reuter.

BRITISH CASUALTIES ARE VERY SLIGHT.

**Our Losses Small Compared with
Results Attained.**

A gratifying feature in connection with British casualties arising out of the last week's violent battles in France, writes a correspondent, is the exceedingly high proportion of slight, clean wounds incurred by our men. The wounded, as they pass in trains, are evidently in high spirits, crowding to carriage windows.



The British have captured the enemy's defences east of Lievin and are pushing on to Lens.

AMERICA'S GREAT WAR REVENUE BILL PASSED.

**Only One Member Refrained from
Supporting the Measure.**

WASHINGTON, Sunday.—On the Seven-Billion-Dollar Budget which passed the House of Representatives yesterday only one member refrained from voting—a Socialist.

Three changes were made, as follows:—

1. That advances be made only to nations at war with Germany.

2. That loans only be made during the continuance of the war; and

3. Amount to be expended on flotation of loan reduced from one-fifth to one-tenth of 1 per cent.

Mr. George Cress, the husband of Blanche Baines, the actress, has been appointed chairman of the New Censorship Committee by the President, with naval and war secretaries as assistants.

FURIOUS ANTI-GERMAN SCENES IN BRAZIL.

**Mob Attack Foe Consulate and Set
Fire to the Buildings.**

BUENOS AYRES, Sunday.—An excited mob is parading the streets demanding war with Germany.

The crowd attacked and attempted to burn the offices of a German-owned newspaper. Germans were hurried to the scene, and with difficulty dispersed the demonstrators, who continued to parade the streets singing the "Marseillaise" and shouting "Kill the German!"

The mob attacked the German Legation and Consulate and set fire to the buildings. The outbreaks were soon overcome.—Exchange.

The latest developments in the South American Republics may be summarized thus:—

Brazil.—Ships crossing the danger zone to be armed.

Argentina.—Orders given for fourteen German vessels now in Argentine waters to be concentrated in the harbour of Buenos Aires.

Buenos Ayres, Sunday.—It is stated that the Governments of Argentina, Brazil and Chile are negotiating for the convocation in Buenos Ayres of an assembly of the South American Republics with a view to considering and establishing if possible an entente of the whole continent regarding the problems provoked by the war.—Reuter.

BULGARIA AND TURKEY TO DISCUSS PEACE?

**Significant Conference to Take
Place in Constantinople.**

AMSTERDAM, Sunday.—A telegram from Sofia states that General Jekoff, the Bulgarian Commander-in-Chief, is leaving to-morrow for Constantinople, accompanied by a numerous suite.—Reuter.

The above message is significant in view of the reports circulated during the last few days that Turkey and Bulgaria are desirous of securing a separate peace.

PARIS, Sunday.—The *Matin* special correspondent at Zurich says: An official telegram from Berlin to the Cologne states that the German Emperors Wilhelm and Charles have decided by common accord, as a result of their conferences at General Headquarters, to continue the war with the utmost energy until a fully honourable peace is obtained, thus constituting the war aim of the responsible circles in both empires.—Exchange.

TRENCHES WRECKED BY FRENCH FIRE.

**Foe's Line Entered in Cham-
pagne and Prisoners Taken.**

ENEMY ATTACKS FAIL.

FRENCH OFFICIAL.

North and south of the Oise our artillery showed activity during the night. Our reconnaissances everywhere found the enemy's trenches occupied and brought back prisoners.

In Champagne the artillery struggle continued to be violent. To the east of Maisons de Champagne there were hand grenade skirmishes.

Our reconnaissances at several points made their way into the German trenches, which they found completely wrecked by our fire, and brought back quantities of material.

GERMANS EATEN EACH.

On the right bank of the Meuse the enemy launched two attacks, the one on the north-east spur of the Bois des Carrières and the other in the direction of Les Chambrettes.

Both these attempts were broken by our fire. Some infantry soldiers who succeeded in getting into our advanced line at the Bois des Carrières were either killed or made prisoners.

In Lorraine there were patrol encounters in the Parois Forest and in the direction of Pétencourt.—Reuter.

SERIES OF AIR RAIDS BY FRENCH SQUADRONS.

**25 German Aeroplanes Forced
Down—Barracks Bombed.**

The following is the air section of the French official:—

Aviation.—On April 12 and 13 our pilots in the course of numerous air encounters brought down ten German aeroplanes, most of them in the district north and south of the Oise.

Four other enemy machines were badly hit and had to land in a damaged condition in their own lines.

In the course of the 14th eleven enemy aeroplanes were brought down, two by the fire of our special guns. A captive balloon was also brought down in flames.

Our bombarding air squadrons carried out the following operations:—

On April 13 4,160 kilogrammes of projectiles were dropped on the railway stations and establishments of the Briey Basin and 1,270 kilogrammes on the railway stations in the Metz-Sedan region. Most of the objectives were hit.

Finally, during the night from the 13th to the 14th the barracks at Dreuze and the railway station at Bethemville were effectively bombarded.—Reuter.

BRITISH MAKE "HEAVY MASSED ATTACKS."

**Foe Claim 300 Prisoners and 20
Machine Guns.**

GERMAN OFFICIAL.

Western Front.—There have been lively fighting activity at times near Dixmude and south of Ypres.

On the Arras battlefield, in consequence of the removal of our line north of the Scarpe, only minor engagements have taken place, during which the enemy suffered heavy losses.

From the Scarpe Lowland as far as the Arras-Cambrai railway violent fighting took place yesterday morning. British divisions in heavy masses attacked several times, but were on each occasion repulsed with sanguinary losses.

In addition to these heavy sacrifices, the British also lost 300 men as prisoners and twenty machine guns.

Army Group of the Crown Prince.—From Soissons as far as Rheims and in the Western Champagne the artillery duel continues.—Admiralty per Wireless Press.

CRUISER SHELLS BULGARS

BULGARIAN OFFICIAL.

Macedonian Front.—There was lively artillery and machine gun firing on the part of the enemy against our positions along the western shore of Lake Doiran.

Two enemy infant platoons which attempted to advance south of Ghevelji were driven off by our fire.

Aegean Front.—An enemy cruiser unsuccessfully bombarded our positions near Deboli, on the Orfano coast.

Another enemy vessel threw some shells on to the coast west of Cavalla.

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G. 402 B
OPERATING.



A scene in the operating theatre of the Ambulance College. The college has been visited by Princess Christian.

G. 655 G.
STRANGE POTATO PLOT.



The burial ground at the back of the little Chapel of the Ascension has now been converted into potato plots.

G. 11914 K.
NURSE HEROINES VISIT QUEEN ALEXANDRA.



These brave nurses having been decorated by the King in recognition of their services at the front were received afterwards by Queen Alexandra at Marlborough House.

PARIS SENDS US NEW FASHIONS IN HATS.



These are three striking examples of the latest styles in feminine hats from Paris. They are known as the American slouch hat, the clerical hat and the flat bowler. The latter is manufactured in silver grey silk and flat corded with a silk bow.

P. 19403.
SERVICE GIRL.



Miss I. Bundy, of the London and Provincial Licensed Vehicle Workers, as "The National Service Girl."

Harrods

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Long and Curly Feathers. In Black, Navy, and Black and White.

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500 PAIRS OF HIGH GRADE WALKING SHOES with patent leather golesh and fawn cloth tops, medium shape toes, smartly shaped heel, perfect fitting **12/-**

HARRODS Ld LONDON SW
RICHARD EVRIDGE Managing Director.

Daily Mirror

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1917.

THREE PROBLEMS THIS WEEK.

THREE big problems stand out above the smaller ones this week, and each is likely to come to some sort of solution within a few days.

There is still, for us here at home, the problem of National Service—of finding fit men for the armies, and of finding substitutes for those men.

This problem has hung on undecided for an incredible time. But now, at last, we hear that the War Cabinet have approved a "new scheme," from and for Mr. Neville Chamberlain's department. It is high time.

The scheme reverses a tendency in the arrangements made up to date, goes to "less essential" industries to get substitutes for the essential ones, and altogether—if not yet complete—makes more definite the demand, and more immediate the supply, of men needed to win the war for democracy.

Next, the Food Control "warnings" continue in the stronger accents of Mr. Kennedy Jones, to whom we look for a galvanising of that department.

Third, we shall surely have news this week of Russia's internal situation.

There we note a reassuring symptom. The Swedish Socialist leader, M. Branting, has "got into touch" with Russian Socialists in Petrograd.

The gist of his utterances, there was to warn Russian Socialists against an idealistic over-estimate of the power of German Socialists to modify Prussia's war-aims, or to bring about peace, or to keep peace when it comes.

The German Socialists did nothing to keep Germany from a war of aggression. They can do nothing—they are doing nothing—to bring about a democratic peace. To send for them, talk to them, or hope from them is simply to let one's leg be pulled by Prussia. It is sending for the office boy to fix up a big contract on behalf of the manager of the business. The office boy cannot speak. He has no authority. At best—or worst—he is used as a "blind" by the manager. Prussia manages Germany.

Therefore M. Branting was right in saying, what the Provisional Government also said to Russia: "The country is in danger. All hands are needed to save her."

Yes: the hands of the Workmen's Council, to moderate Russian reaction or M. Miliukoff's imperialism, and to secure justice for Poland; and the hands of the Provisional Government to secure order and save the country.

For while the office boy in Germany talks, the manager launches a big gas attack on the Stokked. Or, better, the German Socialist himself has verbal gas in his mouth and gas in his guns for the fighting. That is what it behoves Russian idealists to realise at once, and so to fight on for the ideal and defeat the German-gas, whether in the firing line or in the illusive verbal repentances of Prussia's well-drilled office boys.

W. M.

OLD AGE.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age deserves.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decay'd,
Let's in new light through chinks that Time hath made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER (1606-1687).

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

The people once belonged to the kings; now the kings belong to the people.—Heine.

SPRING FLOWERS IN CITY OFFICES.

HOW WOMEN BRIGHTEN THE BUSINESS WORLD.

By M. C. LEIGH.

SOME of our women workers write to the papers complaining that they are expected to wear overalls in their offices.

Now, apart from those whose employment necessitates a uniform of some kind, it is surely best for feminine nature, even when at work, to be allowed self-expression in the matter of clothes. They are so much a part of a woman's individuality that were she forced to conform to a universal grey, brown and black the monotony of her new work would press more heavily upon her, and, like a bulb planted upside down, she would be unable to expand. Moreover, we are all the

at work, unconscious of observation, and he glanced at me sheepishly, as much as to say: "This is quite out of my beat, and I don't know what to do with it."

In this case there might have been embarrassment, but for the most part the coming of spring to the City is welcomed by all.

FROM AGE TO YOUTH.

One old fellow, who has sat for forty years on an office stool in monotony unrelieved till now, brings a flower every day from his suburban garden and presents it to his girl colleague. A pathetic homage from Age, near the end, to Youth, just beginning!

One morning, pushing open the door of my lawyer's office, I came upon the most revered and dignified of the elderly men clerks executing a sort of corymbic dance, while the lugubrious walls frowned upon him. Stacks of musty papers piled sky-high, dirty windows, shabby office furniture, these viewed his

WHERE DO CROWDS COME FROM?—A PROBLEM.



From the earth, we suppose, because it is well known that if any accident occurs dozens of people arrive on the spot at once—apparently from nowhere.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

better for that brightening, that florescence, of our dull City offices which has occurred since the girl workers came there.

I know a bank—the wild thyme never grew on it—a City bank, old-fashioned, grey and dry-as-dust. Being of great size, and not divided into rooms, the eye can sweep the whole floor at a glance, and that floor, since the introduction of women clerks, looks more like a parterre of garden flowers than the dull place it used to be. Each girl wears a blouse according to her own fantasy, rose, apple-green, geranium, some even venture on orange.

In addition Nature has provided several damsels with golden locks.

I met the eye of a sombre, elderly man perched up beside one of these; I think her blouse was cherry-colour; certainly yellow curls dangled over each ear. She was hard

innocent revals. He looked ten years younger than when I had last seen him. Seeking the cause of this juvenility, I perceived, blooming in a dark inner room, a real rose, a girl clerk in short skirt, Hessian boots and a pink blouse. Her presence illuminated the grimy place so that the hearts of the old men danced within them, till their feet followed out and it seemed as if the imprisoning walls vanished. One could imagine Lincoln's Inn Fields as quite other sorts of fields—meadows where there were buttercups and daisies, perhaps even lambs bounding.

There are some places where things are even more interesting. A one-eyed char turns up occasionally at — (a Government office). "Yer can't go into any of the rooms 'ere without coughing," she says.

Make of that what you please! Viewed

THE NEXT FEW MONTHS.

NEED FOR RIGID CONTROL OF ALL OUR FOOD SUPPLIES.

VIEWS ABOUT BREAD.

WHY should there be stale remnants of bread at all in a well-to-do, or other house, in a time of war and possible great scarcity?

If slices are only cut from a loaf at time of consumption there are no remnants to get dry and stale. I see one correspondent even saves up the crumbs caused by the cutting and keeps them in a tin for use in cooking. W. F.

"ANIMALS AND FOOD."

IT seems very ridiculous—the way one-half of the population writes telling the other half what to do and what to eat.

Let each man judge for himself. If families like to feed birds within the rations let them do so. The same with dogs. If people can keep them, let them do so. So long as they keep within the prescribed rations no one has any right to complain. Why the animals and birds should suffer just because there is a terrible war on passes my comprehension.

It is better to be tenderhearted than to copy the Hun, whom we all abhor for his lack of sympathy and brutality. Animals do not deserve to pay for human folly.

RECTOR'S DAUGHTER, Devon.

FOLLY AND THE VOTE.

"Another Widower," who has a flattering opinion of my soul, holds with me that the right to vote gives the right to express one's political creed. "But," he adds, "if that creed is harmful or obstructive it is better that it be not expressed." Quite so. But harmful and obstructive creeds are being expressed at this present crisis—and by members of his own sex.

Does "Another Widower" think that total male disenfranchisement would improve matters?

I agree—with both "Widowers" in their conviction that a great many women would abuse their vote; but at the same time I know that there are a great many women who would not. There are women to whom I would give half a dozen votes apiece; there are others whom I should like to see set out for a very, very long sea voyage.

Still, the above remarks apply equally well to both sexes; and if the fools of the one may vote, why not the fools of the other? MARYAS.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 15. — Radishes may be sown now, providing the weather is favourable. It is most important to give this crop rich light soil; in poor ground only hot, tough roots will be produced. Sow in a sunny position broadcast or in drills about 6 in. apart.

Later on thin out the plants to 3 in. apart, give the bed plenty of water during dry weather.

To obtain a continuous supply of radishes, seeds must be got in about every fortnight from now until August. E. F. T.

by the humble pedestrian in the street this place seems a veritable haunt of beauty. Its blouses are as many-hued as the rainbow.

I maintain that this influx of gorgeous coloured human blossoms to all the dark corners of the City can only do good and clear a dismal world. We are to have no more flowers in England—only potatoes—so let our girls bloom for us at their own sweet wills, and may no grim Controller put an embargo on their bright courage and their bright clothes.

We want cheerfulness in business. Women will help to give it us.

They are at least cheering the aged at present. What will be their effect upon the young clerk when he returns? I must reserve that problem for the end of the war.

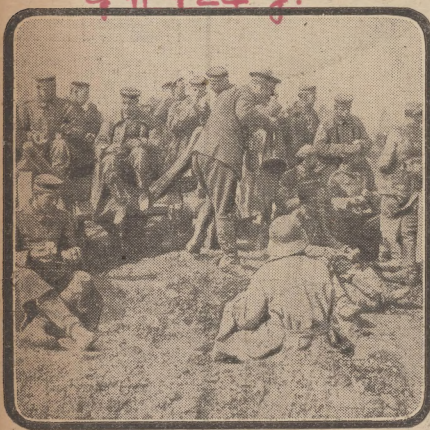
SCENES IN A WEEK OF TRIUMPH—PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE



Our shells break on the German front line trenches



The taking of Vimy Ridge. Canadians advancing over the



Second-Lieutenant R. P. Young, Royal Sussex Regt., wounded.

Second-Lieutenant G. H. Temple Bourne, who was killed flying.



Helmets on the horse.—(Official photograph.)



German prisoners acting as stretcher-bearers for British and German wounded after our victory at Arras.—(Official photograph.)

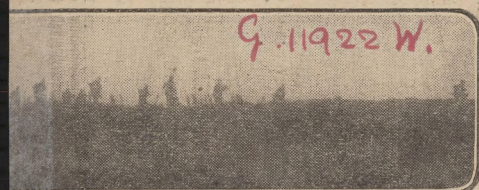
Springboks! The first wounded South Africans back in London

The remarkable photographs which appear on this page illustrate many of the phases of the great victory won by Britain's new armies at the glorious battle of Arras over the finest troops that Marshal von Hindenburg could bring against them. The battle of Arras was in every respect a complete triumph for these new British armies, which have sprung into life as though by

SPLENDID BRITISH VICTORY AT THE BATTLE OF ARRAS



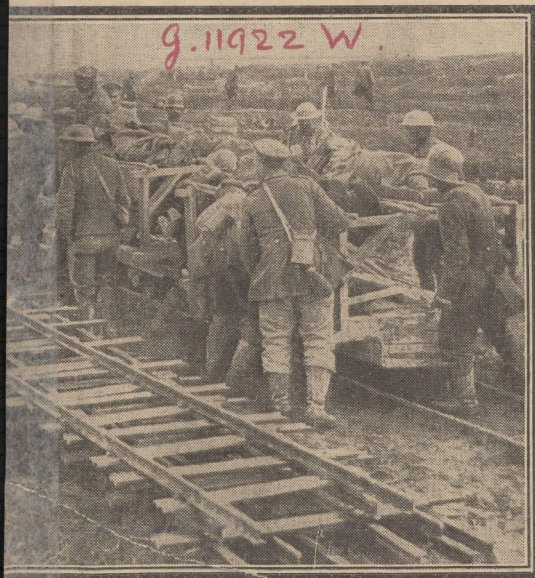
Ridge.—(Canadian official photograph.)



of the ridge.—(Canadian War Records.)



German prisoners arriving in one of their badly wounded.—(Official photograph.)



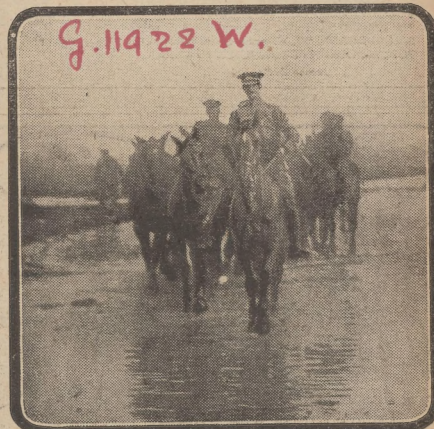
Busy scene at a light railway siding.—(Canadian official photograph.)



Second-Lieutenant W. J. O'Malley, R.F.A., killed in action.



Lieutenant R. S. G. Vigers, King's Royal Rifles, killed in action.



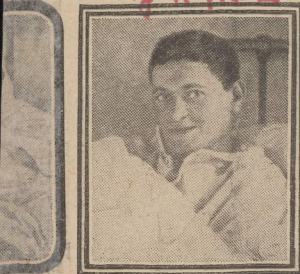
A scene on an inundated road in the advance.—(Official.)



"Tommies" near Peronne.—(Official photograph.)



Canadians settle down on Vimy Ridge after they had driven the Germans from these positions.—(Canadian official photograph.)



the great offensive, where they played a glorious part.

miracle. The men who defeated Hindenburg and his Prussians were yesterday clerks, farmers and civilians of all kinds until the menace of Prussianism called them forth to the

field of battle. On the battlefield of Arras they gave fresh lustre to the British Army, and they finally put an end to any hopes the Huns may still have cherished of victory.

PETER LYSTER: THE MAN WHO FORGOT

By RUBY M. AYRES.



Nan Marraby.

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

NAN MARRABY, a charming girl, who became engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for France. **PETER LYSTER**, who has lost his memory as the result of shock. He has forgotten that he is engaged to Nan. **JOAN EDDICOTT**, Nan's friend, whose husband is at the front. She and Nan are living together. **JOHN ARNOTT**, Peter's friend, who comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory.

NAN MARRABY becomes engaged to Peter Lyster on the eve of his departure for the front.

Peter is seriously wounded, she hears. Then comes news that he is better; and, finally, John Arnott, Peter's friend, comes to tell Nan that Peter has lost his memory. He does not even remember that he was ever engaged to her.

Nan sees Peter, and realises that she has no place in his life. At first she thinks that it is all prearranged, but she banishes the thought as something unworthy.

Owing to her stepmother's death Nan has to return home to look after her father and little step brothers.

John Arnott's sister, who has lost her husband in the war, is living in the neighbouring village.

Arnott loves Nan, but he wishes to secure her happiness before everything.

Mrs. Mears, Arnott's sister, comes to call on Nan. There is hostility between the two women.

Harley Sefton, a moneylender, who has both Nan's father and Peter in his power, takes a fancy to Nan. She cannot bear him, but he is most persistent.

He offers to cancel their notes if Nan will promise to marry him. Mr. Marraby brings pressure to bear upon Nan.

She is torn between her conflicting emotions. Then she hears that Peter is engaged to Mrs. Mears. She is desolate. Life has nothing to offer her, and she saves Peter and her mother, she consents to marry Sefton.

But she does not pretend that she loves him.

THE DEATH OF ROMANCE.

NAN wrote to her father that night; she felt that she must let him know at once; it seemed a sort of final binding to tell somebody—in her heart there was a shrinker knowledge that even now she wanted to get out of this engagement, that she would never have the pluck to go on with it.

"I am going to marry Mr. Sefton," she wrote. "I hope you are pleased. To-morrow he will be with me all the IOU's he has of yours; I hope you will be pleased."

She sat for a long time with the pen in her hand, staring down at the lines she had written. She read them through a great many times without realising that she had put "I hope you will be pleased" twice over.

Then she addressed the envelope and sent the little maid with it to the post.

She watched the girl scuttle down the lane to the pillar-box with a feeling of finality.

"Well, that's finished, anyhow," she said aloud.

"What's finished, Nan?" Claude demanded, coming up behind her and squeezing a sticky paw into her hand.

Nan laughed as she looked down into his interested face.

"Something I used to call romance," she said.

"Oh," he did not understand. "And why is it finished?" he asked after a moment.

Nan's mouth twisted into its crooked smile.

"Because I'm going to be married," she said.

The words sounded peculiar to her own ears, as if they could not be true.

She thought of the chest of things she had prepared for her wedding with Peter. She had left them all at Joan Eddicott's flat; she hoped now that she would never see them again.

She had woven so many dreams and sweet illusions into the making of them, it would only break her heart afresh to have to see them and handle them any more.

Ordinary clothes from the shop would be good enough in which to marry. Harley Sefton; she wondered why there should be such a difference.

Claude was staring up at her with solemn eyes.

"Are you going to marry Mr. Lyster?" he asked after a moment.

Nan flushed scarlet; she put up her hand to her eyes with a distraught gesture; if he had purposely tried to stab her to the heart the child could not have chosen a more cruelly worded question.

"Why do you ask that?" she asked roughly; she freed her hand from his. "Why do you ask silly things like that?"

He shook his head. "It's only what we thought about, me and Jim and Buster," he said then. "We thought it would be nice if you married Mr. Lyster."

He paused a moment, then added gravely: "We told him so, too."

"You told him?" cried Nan in a rage. "You naughty, wicked boy—how dare you say such things. . . . Then suddenly her voice changed, and she knelt down beside him, putting her

arms round him and hiding her face against his little shoulder as if she were ashamed.

"Tell me what he said," she begged almost in a whisper. "Oh, what did he say, Claude?"

"He said," Claude answered shyly, "that he would fink about it."

Nan began to laugh; she laughed till the tears came to her eyes and ran down her cheeks.

What a comic tragedy it all was, with only one broken heart in it—hers!

Nan was busy in the kitchen the following morning when John Arnott opened the door and walked in.

"Claude has told me I might," he explained, in answer to Nan's exclamation of surprise. "The front door was open."

He walked straight up to the table where Nan was peeling apples and, leaning his hands on it, looked steadily at her.

"Is it true?" he asked.

"True?" She tried to meet his eyes, but her own fell.

"Is what true?" she asked flippantly. "That the Kaiser is dead, or that the war is over, or what? One hears so many rumours."

"You know what I mean," he answered roughly. "Is it true that you are going to marry that fellow Sefton? I've heard it half a dozen times in the village this morning. I don't believe it, but I had to come and ask you all the same."

There was a little silence, then—"It's quite true," said Nan, and she looked at him.

Her cheeks were on fire—she thrust one hand into the pocket of her big apron and drew out a diamond ring.

"This came this morning—" She laughed suddenly as she pushed it on to her finger and held it out for his inspection.

"Doesn't it look expensive?" she asked mockingly. "I didn't dare to wear it while I'm cooking, so I put it in my apron. . . . Well—aren't you going to congratulate me?"

Her blue eyes met his in hard defiance. Arnott drew back with a long breath.

"No," he said bluntly. "I'm sorry for you—that's all."

"Sorry!" Nan's voice was indignant. "How dare you say such things! I—!" Then suddenly she broke down; she sat down on the hard wooden chair behind her and leaned her head on her hand.

"Yes, you're right to be sorry for me," she said in a stifled voice. "I think I'm the most unhappy woman in all the world."

He took her hand in his clumsily, and patted it with a vague attempt at comfort.

"Why have you done it?" he asked.

She gave a long sigh. Why? Oh, I don't know; I feel nervous—too much to tell you now. He's rich, for one thing, and I love money—this ring must have cost a mint of money. Then—then . . ."

Arnott broke in angrily. "I don't want to hear any more excuses like that; tell me the real one."

"There isn't a real one—last but not least . . ." She could not go on.

"Sefton is the sort of man who will make you miserable; they say he's got the temper of the devil; it's—it's atrocious to think of you being engaged to him."

Nan raised her eyes. "I don't see why you need get so upset about it," she said exasperatedly. "Mine isn't the only engagement flying about the village. I heard of another one yesterday—much more interesting one, too."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say." She drew her hand from his; she took up the half-peeled apple and the knife and went on with her work, but her hands trembled, and she peeled the apple extravagantly.

Arnott watched her for a moment with perplexed eyes. "You don't mean—me?" he asked then.

"You—no!"

He gave a little exclamation. "Not—Peter!" Nan's hand jerked suddenly, and the knife slipped and cut her finger an ugly gash.

"I don't want her handkerchief and wound it round anyhow; she would not let Arnott look at it."

"It's nothing," she said—"nothing. Please don't bother."

"If you mean Peter," Arnott said presently, "it's all tommy rot." He looked at her with sudden suspicion. "Who is he supposed to be engaged to, for Heaven's sake?" he asked irritably.

"I never said I meant him," Nan cried in a panic. "It's nothing to me if he chooses to get married. I dare say I shall be married before he has time to think of it."

"Yes," said Arnott. "I should think that is quite possible."

SEFTON SHOWS HIS AUTHORITY.

ARNOTT gave an angry little laugh. "Blessed if I can understand you! I thought you cared so much for Lyster that . . . oh, all right, I'm sorry . . ."

He sauntered away to the window and stood staring into the garden. "Lyster has applied to the War Office to send him back to France," he said at last.

He heard Nan catch her breath, but he did not turn.

"But they won't take him, will they?" she asked dully. "I should have thought . . . oh, you don't think they will take him, do you?"

Arnott shrugged his shoulders.

"Couldn't say—they seem to me to be taking anybody now—the blind, half, and all the rest of them. Lyster's all right physically—and, after all, the fact that he's forgotten part of his life won't make him useless as a soldier."

There was a little silence.

"He's soon got tired of being here," Nan said. "He mustn't put up his name in a deed of bravery."

"Any way," Arnott answered. "Only yesterday morning he said he hoped they wouldn't send

for him for a month or so, and then last night he came in and said he was going to write at once and ask to be sent back—he wrote too."

"Last night!" Nan echoed dully.

"Yes—he's a rum chap—can't make him out myself. We did our best to dissuade him, but he wouldn't listen. I thought Doris had some influence with him, too."

"Yes," said Nan quietly. "I thought she had."

Arnott swung round; he stared at her for a moment without speaking, then he said:

"You don't like my sister, Miss Marraby."

Nan tried to deny it—she coloured furiously.

"I do—how absurd—of course, I do; why I've only seen her once in my life."

"She takes a bit of knowing," Arnott said thoughtfully. "But she's one of the best whom you do know her. She behaved like a brick when her husband was killed—and she adored him, too . . . I'd like to make a bet that she'll never marry again," he added with a sort of deliberation.

Nan sat very still, her left hand clasped tightly over the wounded finger.

"I don't believe it," she was saying in her heart. "It's just that she doesn't want to hurt me."

The kitchen door opened abruptly. Mary thrust a scared face round.

"Mr. Sefton, please, Miss Nan."

Arnott swore under his breath. Nan rose hurriedly.

"In a moment—ask him in the school-room—I'll be there in a moment."

Arnott: "You don't mind if I ask you to go?"

"I was going, anyway," he answered.

She went with him to the door—they passed Sefton in the hall. He scowled as he saw that Nan was not alone. He nodded formally in reply to Arnott's careless "How do?"

As soon as he had gone Sefton rounded on Nan.

"Do you often have that young puppy here?" he asked. Nan flushed.

"I think you forget who you are speaking to," she said slyly. "And I have my friends here when I like."

"I'll not have him hanging round you," Sefton said, in a rage. "I never did like the fellow—he's too thick with Lyster. If I meet him I shall give him a good hint that he's not wanted."

He looked down at her.

"Where's my ring?" he demanded.

Nan fished it up from her pocket—she fished up a piece of apple-core with it.

"I took it to you as a part," she explained.

He frowned. "You're no right to do work like that. When you're my wife I shall not allow it."

"I'm not your wife yet," said Nan.

She followed him into the school-room—there was a big dish of primroses on the table—she went over to them and mechanically began pulling out a few that were faded.

Sefton waited for her moodily.

"You don't say thank you for the ring," he said. "And you don't say that you are pleased to see me?"

He took a bundle of papers from his pocket and flung them down on the table. "There are your father's precious bills," he said.

Nan coloured; she glanced at them, but did not pick them up. "Thank you," she said.

His manner changed all at once; he went over to her and tried to put an arm round her.

"You won't believe it if I say that I love you, I suppose?" he said, hoarsely. "But I do, Nan—the only time I know any peace of mind is when I am with you—and then—"

He flung away from her. "Then you're such an iceberg you make me almost hate you."

Claude and Buster plunged headlong into the room.

Nan, Nan—she found—she stopped, seeing Sefton, and a scowl crossed both childish faces.

"Come and say how do you do, boys," Nan said, quickly, rather welcomed the interruption. "Shake hands with Mr. Sefton and say how do you do."

Buster extended an unwilling paw, but Claude promptly put both his behind his back.

Sefton laughed. "I'm going to be your brother-in-law, young man," he said. "So you'll have to mind your p's and q's for the future."

Claude put out his tongue.

"Hate you," he said sulkily.

Sefton laid a not over-gentle hand on his arm and pulled the boy towards him.

"You want a firm hand, young man," he said quietly, though there was an underlying note of anger in his voice. "A boy of your age with such a temper . . ."

He stopped, Claude was kicking at him viciously.

"Hate you—hate you . . ." he screamed.

THIS WEEK

Extraordinary Offers in Coats & Skirts and Silks

A Coat and Skirt is the most sensible and useful costume for women's wear. This week we are making a special offer of

700 sample Coats & Skirts all perfect shapes and in high-grade fabrics, including a large variety of coloured Gab Cords and Suitings—also Navy and Blacks, Black and White Checks, Coverts, Pastel Tweeds, &c. Originally Priced at 89/6 to 7 gns. the suit. **NOW £3 & £4**

These goods are for personal application only—in no circumstances can they be sent on approval.

90,000 yds. High-grade Silks offered at 25% to 50% under To-day's prices

THIS is the largest and most varied stock of fine French and Italian Silks we have ever had the good fortune to offer. It was only by placing huge contracts with the manufacturers many months ago at prices then ruling, that we are now able to give such astonishing Values.

We have just received belated delivery of the above large parcel of Silks, and instead of marking them at To-day's legitimate prices we offer our customers and the public the saving we ourselves secured.

840 Yards of Pin Stripe Ninon with gold woven stripe; suitable for Blouses and Drapings; in 10 colours; 42 inches wide. Usual price 4/11 per yard. **NOW 2/6**

2,780 Yards of French Foulard Silks in various designs on Black and Navy grounds with various size spots, also White and Coloured grounds with neat small designs; 40 inches wide. To-day's Value 4/6 and 4/11 per yard. **NOW 2/11, 3/6**

25 Pieces of Dyed Shantung, in all the popular colours, 33in. wide. To-day's Value 3/11 per yard. **NOW 3/6**

3,000 Yards of Various Silks, including plain and shot Chiffon Taffeta, figured Silk Crepons, printed Georgette, shot Satin Paillette, and White ground printed Silk Radium. Usual Prices 4/11 to 6/11 per yd. **NOW 3/11**

780 Yards of Fancy Silks, smart stripe Poplin and Broche Poplin, 42in. wide. Usual Price 8/11 per yard. **NOW 4/11, 4/6**

920 Yards of Rich Quality Dull Finish Satin Grenadine, in a splendid range of colours; double width. To-day's Value 6/11 per yard. **NOW 5/6**

PETER ROBINSON'S OXFORD STREET

Peter Robinson, Ltd.





Lady Paget, wife of Sir Arthur Paget, who has taken a leading part in organising war charities.



Miss Evelyn Drewes, who is understanding the three leading parts in "Theodore and Co."

THE NEW FOOD RULES.

London's First Experience of Diminished Rations in Restaurants.

It was the first day of the new food regulations yesterday. The hotels and restaurants were put upon a more spartan system of dieting. Two ounces of bread—that was all you were allowed. It sounds like a famine ration, but, fortunately, it is a much more ample allowance than it appears to be.

A Good Substitute.

PERSONALLY, I found that the new rules made very little difference. At the restaurant where I lunched I was served with a steak which didn't look much smaller than the steak I consumed in the same place at the same time about a week ago. It is true there were no potatoes. But you can take it from me that fried onions make an excellent substitute.

Cutlet Houses.

ALL THE SAME, I cannot help feeling that the fate of the old-fashioned chop-house is now trembling in the balance. Those places made their reputations—and their fortunes—out of big chops. And the big chop is doomed—for the duration of the war. Possibly we may see the inauguration of a new institution—the cutlet house.

The Next Election.

THERE HAS BEEN much talk during the week-end as to the prospect of an early general election should the threatened opposition of the Nationalist Party to the Parliament Bill be of a formidable character. There will be only thirteen days to get the measure through before the life of the present Parliament would expire, but from what I hear the Government will not find it necessary to go to the country for some months to come.

Irish Deadlock.

I HEAR that although Parliament meets to-morrow no solution of the Irish problem has yet been arrived at. The great crux is the question of the "clean cut" of Ulster. A further attempt to settle the controversy will, I learn, be made this week. Meanwhile the feeling in official circles is becoming very pessimistic.

"Nicely-Calculated Less or More."

THE LESS food for mouths, the more food for thought.

A Bird-Loving Duchess.

IT IS WELL KNOWN in many places in the Midlands that the Duchess of Portland is a lover of birds. She does not, however, love them in cages, and the other day said she had no greater pleasure than in seeing that caged birds were given their freedom.

A Host of Royalty.

THE DUKE OF RICHMOND and GORDON has, I see, been elected Chancellor of Aberdeen University in succession to the late Lord Elgin. He is well known in Scotland as well as in Sussex, and before the war curtailed the number of race meetings it was an established tradition that he should entertain the King at Goodwood during the week of the races.



Duke of Richmond.

A Quadruple Title.

THE DUKE, by the way, has a quadruple title. He is the Duke of Richmond, the Duke of Gordon and the Duke of Lennox. In addition to all these he is the Duc d'Aubigny of France. As Earl of March he sat in the House of Commons as a Sussex member from 1869 to 1888.

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

War Loan Vouchers for Wedding Presents.

"MANY WEDDINGS" means "many presents." There are such a number of marriages fixed for the few intervening weeks before "unlucky May" that some people have half a dozen gifts to choose all at once. Cheques and War Loan vouchers have, I learn, to a great extent taken the place of jewellery and furniture as wedding gifts.

"Out-of-Town" Marriages.

LADY MARY CECIL's marriage to the Marquis of Hartington will take place quietly in the private chapel at Hatfield next Saturday. Another "out-of-town" marriage is that of Lieutenant Charles Meynell, son of Lady Mary Meynell, to the eldest daughter of Lady Beatrice Pretynan, at the bride's home, Orwell Park, to-morrow.

To-day's Economy Hint.

FROM West Kensington.—Bacon rinds should never be wasted. The careful housewife saves them until she is cooking pork, when she puts them in the oven till crisp, thus extracting all the fat and providing an additional supply of crackling.

Comic Opera at the Shaftesbury.

FOLLOWING the run of "Three Cheers," Messrs. Grossmith and Laurillard intend to produce comic opera at the Shaftesbury Theatre. I am told that they have just secured a musical play from an entirely new playwright.

The Empire Welcomes America.

MR. MAX DAREWSKI tells me that he is arranging an American patriotic fantasia which he will conduct in the interval of "Hanky-Panky" at the Empire.

The Queen at the Playhouse.

SIR JOHNSTON FORBES-ROBERTSON's season at the Playhouse, in aid of the Scottish Women's Hospital Fund, has received an unusual honour. A special "command" matinee performance of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is to be given at the Playhouse on Wednesday, at which Queen Mary will be present.

From Stage to Concert Platform.

MISS IRENE RICHARDS, who has been playing at the Gaiety for some months, tells me that she is going to give a recital at the Aeolian Hall shortly. It is only a few months since I saw Miss Winifred Barnes on the same platform.

A Young Actress.

I AM NOT SURE—but I rather think that Miss Richards is the youngest actress in the Gaiety cast. At any rate, she is only eighteen. She had her first chance last year, when, after only three rehearsals, she took Miss Iris Hoey's part in "Mr. Manhattan."



Miss Irene Richards.

The Gloucester Castle.

IT IS A queer reflection that the last British cheers heard by the Kaiser floated to him across the Hamburg harbour from the deck of the Gloucester Castle which his pirates have sunk! They were raised by a party of Londoners who, in June, 1913, were the guests of the Union Castle Line.

The Kaiser's Last Cheers.

THE KAISER had motored from Hanover that morning and was boarding the Hohenzollern as the Gloucester Castle swung into the Elbe. I wonder what his thoughts were as he listened to that "Hip-hip-hurrah," and whether he realised that it was the very last he would ever hear.

Britain's Role.

THE ROLL of the sea.

What War Costs.

MR. R. WHITE, chairman of the General Steam Navigation Company, a famous authority on shipping, said the other day it was estimated that the war indebtedness incurred by the belligerent nations already represented more than twelve billion sterling, and that thereby Europe might be crippled for years. He was, I see, erroneously quoted as saying that sum represented the loss to world shipping, an improbable figure, of course.

A Duchess and Potatoes.

THE DUCHESS of PORTLAND has given a strong lead to society on the potato question. She has ordered that no potatoes shall be eaten in her houses, and those grown on the estate at Welbeck will be distributed amongst the poor and old-age pensioners.



Duchess of Portland.

her services in Petrograd. She is a sister of Mr. Walter Long, and lives in Humewood Castle, one of Ireland's stately homes.

A Son of the Church.

VICE-ADMIRAL CHARLES ANSON has, I see, been placed on the retired list at his own request in order to facilitate the promotion of junior officers. Like so many members of our fighting forces, he is a son of the Church. His father was a canon of Windsor. But the name of Anson has been conspicuous in British naval annals for generations.

Irish Economy Campaign.

ECONOMY is running riot in the Irish legal administration (writes my Dublin correspondent). Briefs are now sent out to counsel only in the most important criminal cases, and fees have been greatly reduced. The salaries of some of the higher officials have been reduced by nearly 20 per cent. in the case of new appointments.

The Ruling Passion.

A WELL-KNOWN K.C., Mr. Denis Henry, M.P., was talking about this economy campaign the other day. "During the Sinn Féin rising," he said, "an official of the Irish Executive was engaged docking one and sixpence off a car account sent in by a resident magistrate—and the office was burning around him!"

A Woman Churchwarden.

I NOTICE that Mrs. John Haig, a niece of Sir Douglas Haig, has been appointed vicar's churchwarden of St. Peter's, Cranbourne, Berkshire. Evidently in Berkshire they don't object to women church officers. In Ealing, apparently, they do, for I saw a statement in one of the newspapers to the effect that the churchwardens of St. Matthew's, Ealing Common, had opposed the vicar's suggestion that women might act as sidesmen.

A Point of View.

IT IS DIFFICULT to see the point of view. St. Paul, I believe, said, "Let your women keep silence in the churches." But the task of handing a bag round the church does not of itself involve any undue amount of loquacity. And if the woman churchwarden is to be objected to, why not the deaconess as well?

The Lordly Marrow.

I LEARNED only on Saturday in Covent Garden that the lowly marrow has become a lordly marrow—by growing under glass. You could buy the best marrow for 2s.—if you had the courage. What an ascent from the pre-war days of 1d. The cantaloup must look to its price laurels.

Pay to the Last Penny.

A SOCIETY is being formed in Paris, I hear, to trace treasures stolen by the Germans from churches, museums and private houses. Unless the goods are returned the German Government will be mulcted in the amount they are worth—after the war.

Puzzled Belgians.

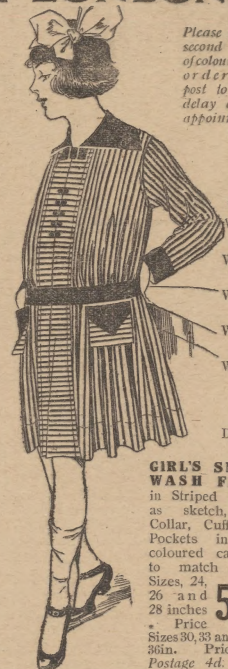
THE THOUSANDS of Belgians who are visiting the Zoo find the topography extremely complicated after that of their own gardens. To be cut into three parts by a canal and a road and to have one side exposed to a public park may be regarded as a unique distinction.

Motor-Bicycles.

LOVERS of motor-cycling can find rare bargains now. Petrol restrictions are forcing many owners to sell their cycles. The would-be motor-cyclist might buy one. There is no need to ride it. It can be stored—for the better days!

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Daily Mirror

9.11920 D.
SNAPPING EXPLOSION.



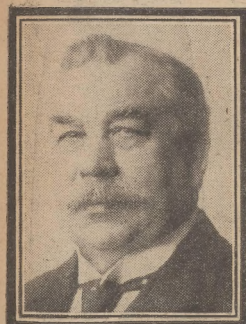
This photograph shows the detonation of a large bomb on a water tank. The pilot dropped his bomb after flying over ninety miles of desert, and took a photograph almost simultaneously.

9.11924
SPECIAL COOKERS FOR "TOMMY."



Our special cooking plant in Mesopotamia, which is capable of cooking for 250 men and requires only three gallons of oil a day.

P.3103,
HURT AGAIN.



The Right Hon. John Hodge, Minister of Labour, who has injured his knee again. His knee was recently cured by bone-setting.

P.2401 G.
A DUTCH DRESS.



Miss Dorothy Minto as Miena in "Double Dutch," at the Apollo. The dress worn by Miss Minto was copied from one worn by the Queen of Holland.

WHO WOULD THINK THIS APRIL?



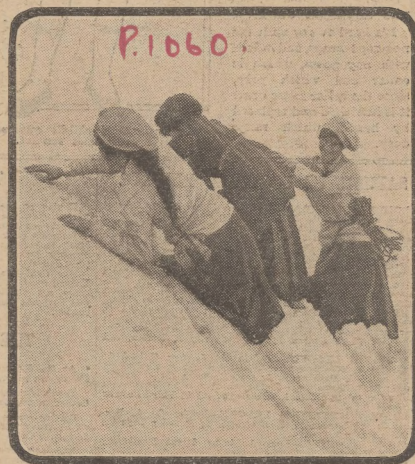
Motoring under difficulties on a high peak in the north of England.

P.472
RED CROSS QUEEN.



The Queen of Rumania (in the centre), photographed with Colonel Norton Griffiths during a recent visit to the British hospital unit at the Prince Mercia Hospital at Roman-Ceuta.

P.1060.



Climbing snowdrifts near Buxton.

London had a burst of sunshine yesterday, but in many parts of the country snow is still lying on the ground. It has been the coldest April experienced for many years.

THE SIDE OF THE SEASON WINS ITS LAST MATCH



The famous Army Service Corps Rugby football team won its last match of the season on Saturday at Blackheath, when it defeated the United Services in a return game.